# Our Youth.

*A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.*

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## HIDDEN ARMOR.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THOUGH seemingly but lightly dressed,
The warrior wore upon his breast
A corselet wrought with skillful art
To give protection to his heart,
That the offending javelin
Might fail to find its way therein.

All vainly might the contending foe
His sharpest spears and arrows throw,
For harmlessly they struck and fell,
Like missiles 'gainst stout citadel,
While back of this secure stronghold
The warrior's heart beat brave and bold.

Ah, youthful warrior, behind
The love of Christ thy refuge find,
And wear his armor on thy breast;
In every place its virtues test,
If thou wouldst mighty victories win,
And baffle the assaults of sin.

## REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

**A Serial Story.**

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A MIGHTY FORTRESS.

REX "slept in" till 7 o'clock the next morning, having stood "anchor watch" from 12 to 4. His first thought, on being called, was to get on deck as soon as possible, and see the famous Rock by daylight. He was hurriedly lashing his hammock when Andersen came up and said, quietly,

"I have something very nice for you."

"What is it?" asked Rex, eagerly, dropping the rope and turning to him. Then he noticed that Andersen's face was very bright, and that he was holding something in his right hand behind him. He grabbed the arm, and the next moment held in his own hand a package of papers and two letters, the latter so thickly covered with post-marks that the address was hardly legible.

"The mail came on board last night. You had turned in, so I took care of your part of it."

But Rex did not hear him. He heard nothing, remembered nothing. Every thing was forgotten in the joy of that moment. He hardly realized that he was on board ship, as he tore open the envelopes and devoured page after page. Andersen quietly finished lashing the hammock for him, and then he laid his hand upon the boy's arm.

"Take your hammock up and stow it, and then I think I have something for you to do up in the top," and he smiled, significantly.

Rex understood him and gave him a grateful look. Up in the top he could read his letters without interruption. He stuffed them into his shirt pocket, shouldered his hammock, carried it to the nettings, swung himself up into the mizzen rigging, ran up the ratlines, reached the top, and for half an hour tasted the sweets of communion with "the dearest girl in the world." Then he folded up the letters, put them in his Testament, and came slowly down, reserving the papers for a leisure hour. He forgot to look at Gibraltar, and went below to breakfast.

He was very absent-minded that morning. He "scoffed his scouse" mechanically. He cleaned his "bright work," hardly knowing what he was doing. At quarters there was a far-away look in his eyes, and his name was called twice before he answered to it. After drill he went below, got out his writing materials, wrote rapidly a closing page to his letter, sealed it, put on two English stamps, and dropped it into the letter-box on the gun-deck. Then he returned to the life about him once more.

There was a good deal of "function" that morning—official visits, firing of salutes, etc. The marines kept their arms "stacked" on the quarter-deck, and stood by to fall in at a moment's notice.

Rex went up on deck to take a look about. He found the school-master leaning over the rail forward, surveying the high rampart of rock with a good deal of interest. They began to compare notes together; picked out the most conspicuous objects, and wondered what they were; guessed at the height and length of the Rock, etc.

"It lies about due north and south," said Rex, "and can't be more than four miles long."

"Yes, it's a strange formation," replied the school-master. "I think it must be limestone or marble, and it stands all alone by itself. There must be miles of flat country to the north of it."

Rex asked him several questions, but found that he did not know much about the place, except that it had had a marvelous history; that it belonged now to England, was heavily fortified, and was regarded as the key to the Mediterranean.

"How would you like to go ashore with me to-morrow, and explore the Rock?" the school-master asked.

"First-rate," replied Rex, eagerly; "but I am afraid I cannot get leave," he added, doubtfully.

"I think I can fix that for you," said the school-master. "I will try, and let you know. But I wish I could find out something about the place beforehand. There are plenty of the men who have been here before, but they only know where the grog-shops are."

They talked the matter over, and it was finally decided that Rex should go down and see the chaplain, and get hold of all the information he could, practical and historical.

Rex watched at the door of the ward-room until there were no officers about, and then went boldly in and knocked on the chaplain's bulkhead. The chaplain was writing at his desk; he pulled aside the portiere.

"Ah, is that you, Ransom? Come in!" and he pushed in the desk drawer, took a seat on his bunk, and told the lad to take his chair.

"I wanted to inquire," said Rex, "something about Gibraltar."

The chaplain smiled. "And *what* about it?" he asked. "It's not a very big rock, but it stands for a great deal."

"Well, sir, it has had a great history, hasn't it, sir? And—"

"Hold on!" said the chaplain, with his eyes twinkling. "A great history? I should think so! Why, my lad, this Rock is one of the Pillars of Hercules. It belongs to Phenician history, and Roman history, and Carthaginian history. The Visigoths have held it, and the Moors have held it, and the Spaniards too. It has stood fourteen sieges, and it would take hours to give you a clear idea of only the last—'the Great Siege,' as it is called."

"O, I didn't want to trouble you, sir," Rex protested, rising. "I don't wish to take your time. I only thought you would give me some idea of the place. We are to stay here only a few days, I believe, and I have no books—"

"Sit down, Ransom, and keep cool! Here, help yourself to those oranges, and give me one. We will kill two birds with one stone—eat fruit and talk. It is really refreshing," he said, as he peeled his orange, "to find any one on board this ship interested in any thing that is really worthy. Now, what do you want me to tell you about first? Shall I begin with the history—with old Mons Calpe—and work up to the present time, or shall I begin with the Rock as it now is, and go back?"

"You are very kind, sir," Rex replied. "I think, sir, if you would tell me about the Rock as it now is, and what there is to see if I go ashore, I shall be very thankful, and quite satisfied."

The chaplain thought for a moment.

"Who is going ashore with you?"

"The school-master, sir."

"And when are you going?"

"To-morrow, sir."

"To-morrow—Saturday," said the chaplain, musingly. "Well, I guess you can see every thing if you make a day of it. You will need a pass for the Galleries. Take that memorandum block, and jot down your name and the school-master's, and I will ask the consul to get the passes."

Rex did so.

"That will do, and now to business. You keep your eyes open, don't you?"

"I try to," said Rex, laughing.

"Well, what did you see when you looked at Gibraltar from the deck this morning?"

"A long, high rock, with three peaks, some four miles long, and fifteen hundred feet high."

"Very good guesses—only a little too long, and a little two high. It is only three miles long, and the highest part is only a trifle over fourteen hundred feet. The middle eminence is the signal station, and you must climb to that to get one of the finest views in Europe."

Rex's eyes sparkled.

"Well, now, what else did you see?"

"About midway I saw two walls, parallel, running down from the top."

"Yes—one of them was built by the Moors, and the other by Charles V. of Burgundy, for defensive purposes. North of these walls, but lower down, what did you see?"

"A collection of houses and buildings that the school-master thought were barracks. They occupied the base and side of the Rock up about two hundred and fifty feet."

"Good! Was that all?"

"No, I saw a queer-looking tower, square, and of a dingy yellow color."

The chaplain clapped his hands. "Your eyes are keen, my lad. That square tower is an old landmark, and has a history. That is the Moorish Tower. It is supposed that old Tarik himself laid the foundation of it, when he landed here over eleven hundred years ago. Gibraltar is named from him—Gebel-Tarik, or mount of Tarik. The Moors held this Rock seven hundred and fifty years. That old tower, with its adjacent fortifications, was Tarik's stronghold and base when he started on his campaign against Roderic, king of the Visigoths."

"I shall surely want to see it," said Rex, deeply interested.

"Yes, you can't help seeing it if you go to the Galleries, for you enter these from the gate adjoining the Tower."

"But what are these Galleries, sir?" Rex asked.

"Is it possible you haven't heard of the Galleries?" said the chaplain, astonished. "Why, they are the most interesting feature about Gibraltar. They are a series of chambers excavated from the solid rock, with connecting passages. They extend in two ranges, one above the other, around the north front of the Rock."

"But what are they used for, sir?"

"Why, for guns, for defensive purposes. During the Great Siege a hundred years ago, Gen. Elliott, the governor, exclaimed, one day, 'I would give one thousand dollars to any one who would show me how to bring a flanking fire on those works,' pointing to some troublesome batteries of the enemy. A sergeant named Ince stepped up to him and suggested cutting these chambers or galleries. The suggestion was accepted, and the excavations made by convict labor."

"And are they very extensive?"

"Between two and three miles; and the tunneling is remarkably well done. The guns don't amount to much, however. Most of them are small and of an obsolete pattern. The galleries do not count for much in the defenses of Gibraltar nowadays. The heavy guns are all in the lower ranges. Some of them weigh one hundred tons, and throw projectiles of nearly a ton in weight each.

Rex opened his eyes at hearing of such monster guns as these.

"Well, now," said the chaplain, "we have an idea of what lies to the north of the bisecting walls—the principal part of the garrison town of Gibraltar itself, the Moorish Tower, and the Galleries. What did you see in the middle?"

"Scarcely any thing but trees."

"That's so. The Rock is very steep there, and there are but very few buildings. Of course, you couldn't see from the ship the parade ground and public garden. And now for the south?"

"Well, sir, I could see some houses, but mostly barracks and batteries. A large building was pointed out to me as the Naval Hospital."

"Yes, that's the most conspicuous building. That district is called Rosia; and below it is Buena Vista; and then the Europa district and light-house. And is that all that you saw?"

"No, I saw a long, low sea-wall, stretching, it seemed to me, the whole length of the base of the Rock, and two moles jutting out. Some of the English ships were along-side one of the moles.

"Yes, that sea-wall is one of the strongest defenses of Gibraltar. It is of masonry, and consists of curtains, flanks, and bastions, and, in fact, of every device of modern military engineering. And now I will tell you of something you didn't see."

"What was that, sir?"

"A break-water, running parallel with the sea-wall, and designed to keep off boats, or detain them under fire. But that is not visible until you get up close to it. I don't suppose your eyes can look round the Rock, and see what is on the other side?" the chaplain asked, quizzingly.

"No," said Rex, with a laugh.

"Well, they wouldn't see much if they did. The Rock is perpendicular on the east—the Mediterranean—side. There is a little bay about midway, and a small fishing village, that is all. You can see these from the signal station."

"Have the English held possession of the Rock very long, sir?"

"About one hundred and eighty years. It was seized in 1704 by Admiral Rooke, during the war of the Spanish succession."

"I shouldn't think the Spaniards would have liked that very well," said Rex.

"They didn't; though, of course, they did not then appreciate the value of the place. They have made repeated ef-

forts to regain it; and they have never relinquished their claim to it. When the Spaniards evacuated their fortress, they retired to a spot about six miles north and built the town of San Roque, but they never surrendered their rights. In all public acts these people still style themselves, 'The inhabitants of Gibraltar residing in San Roque.' There is a queer story connected with a hill at the north of the bay. It is said that during the combined French and Spanish attack upon Gibraltar, the Queen of Spain, confident of success, took a seat there, and vowed she would never move from the spot until she saw the Spanish flag again raised over the Rock. The attack was unsuccessful, and the queen was not released from her awkward vow until the English governor heard of the matter, and, as an act of gallantry, ordered the Spanish flag to be waved over the ramparts. The hill is called 'The Queen of Spain's Chair.' You ought to read the 'History of the Great Siege,' Ransom. It is full of interesting and exciting incidents. It occurred during our Revolutionary period —from 1779 to 1783."

"I should like to very much," said Rex. "But, sir, can you tell me what right England has to hold the Rock?"

"None whatever, except the right of might, and that is no right at all. Over and over again, the feeling of justice in England led to the agitation of the question of surrendering it to Spain, but these scruples were set aside. The place has grown to be of immense importance to England, and millions of pounds have been lavished upon its fortifications, as being the first in the *cordon* of naval and coaling stations that line the route to her possessions in India. England will never relax her grip upon Gibraltar."

Rex was silent for a moment. Then he asked:

"Are there many people living on the Rock—outsiders I mean?"

"About twenty-six thousand, soldiers and all," the chaplain answered. "No one in civil life can live there without a permit. The garrison is reckoned at about eight thousand. You mustn't forget that every thing is under martial law, and that the gates are closed at the firing of the evening gun. If you cross the Neutral Ground to Linea, take care to get back before sunset. By the way, did you ever hear what people born here are called?"

"No, sir."

"Rock scorpions."

"That is strange," said Rex. "Is there any reason for it?"

"None that I know."

The bugle call for "spread mess gear" reminded Rex that he must not tarry longer. He rose to go, and thanked the chaplain very warmly for his kindness.

"Hold on for a moment," said the chaplain. "You will need an itinerary. Let's see! You'll go in, I suppose, in the 10:30 boat. As soon as you go through the gate, take a carriage, or donkeys, and ride south to Europa Light-house, and look about you. Return to where you started from, dismiss your carriage, or donkeys, and go through the Southport Gate into the town. Look through the streets for a while, then strike for the Moorish Tower and go through the Galleries. Go from there to the Signal Station. Come down, lunch, and go out to the North Front. Cross the Neutral Ground, and visit Linea, the nearest Spanish town. Return to Gibraltar, and if you feel dusty and tired go to Roberts's apothecary shop and get bath tickets, and take a bath. After this bit of refreshment you will feel like coming on board. Notice the big projectiles at the Ragged Staff Landing."

"Ragged Staff?" asked Rex, with a look of surprise.

"Yes; that's the name of the landing-place abreast of the ship, and of the water gate by which you go through the sea-wall."

"But where did that name come from?" asked Rex, still puzzled.

"O that was one of the badges of Charles V. He built the Southport Gate, close to it. Notice his arms over that gate. It was in his reign that the Pillars of Hercules were added to the royal arms of Spain, and the motto changed from '*Non plus ultra*,' to simply '*Plus ultra*.' The New World, you see, had just been discovered."

Rex again thanked the chaplain, and took his leave. He carefully treasured every thing in his memory. When he talked the matter over with the school-master in the afternoon, but few things had escaped him.

There was only one drawback to his anticipated pleasure on the morrow. On mentioning his plan to Reddy, that youth was at once piqued, and showed it, too.

"I never thought you'd shake a cove like that," he said, bitterly.

"But it wasn't *my* plan, Reddy," his friend protested. "The school-master invited me, you know. I really wish you could go with us."

"Never mind," said the jealous youth. "I can take care of myself. I've done so this many a year. But I never thought you'd get uppish and fire me out, as soon as we got to port. I've got leave to go ashore, too; but I s'pose I'm not stuck up enough to suit the likes o' you." And he turned away.

Rex seized him by the arm.

"Don't be a fool, Reddy!" he exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "You know I'm not 'uppish.' You—"

But Reddy broke away from him with a cross "Let me alone, I tell ye!" and left him.

[*To be continued.*]

## THE CANADIAN CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN B. HARRIS.

### PART II.

I FEAR I should weary you if I were to go into all the details of our journey from Toronto to Winnipeg, therefore I shall spare you the uncomfortable recital. We arrived at Winnipeg on April 7, having been some eight days on the road, and after a short rest were again marched aboard our trains for our several destinations. All sorts of rumors were in the air. The Half-breeds and Indians in overwhelming numbers were on the war-path, thirsting for the blood of Canadians.

The actual position was perhaps about as follows: Away north of the Canadian Pacific Railway some 200 miles, Riel, the leader of the rebellion, had his head-quarters and had gathered about him a large number of Half-breeds and Indians, estimated all the way from 500 to 2,000 men. Their base of supplies was at a point on the South Saskatchewan River, called Batoche's Crossing, and there in an almost impregnable natural fortress they awaited our coming. Farther to the north, situated on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, was Fort Carlton, which had hitherto been the head-quarters of a small force of mounted police under Colonel Irvine. Finding, however, that an outbreak was imminent, and not having sufficient provisions to withstand a protracted siege in so isolated and exposed a situation, Colonel Irvine wisely decided to evacuate the post and proceed to Prince Albert, which would be easier to defend, and was the center of a larger settlement. The fort, therefore, together with every thing likely to furnish aid and comfort to the enemy, was committed to the flames, and the little garrison, now augmented to about 260 men by volunteers from the vicinity, marched out into the midst of the enemy's country, and after some tribulation reached Prince Albert in safety. Some 90 or 100 miles west of Fort Carlton lay Battleford, situated on the Battle River, about two miles above its confluence with the North Saskatchewan. Battleford was a thriving village of 300 or 350 inhabitants, was formerly the seat of the Territorial government, and is still the head-quarters of a troop of mounted police and several government officials. Ninety-eight miles north-west of Battleford was Fort Pitt, in charge of Inspector Dickens, son of the great novelist, and about 25 men of the mounted police. The

points above named were all situated in the midst of the Indian and Half-breed country, and were the centers of important settlements of farmers and others from the east and from the old country who had taken up land in their vicinity with the intention of making homes for themselves. The insurrection, it may well be imagined, struck terror to the hearts of these poor people, who had abandoned the advantages of civilization, built themselves houses on the prairie, and set to work with high hopes to carve out for themselves and their families a little spot on earth which they could really and truly call "home." They knew, of course, that they were going into the heart of the Indian territory; but the red-man had been peaceable and friendly for years, and if they harbored fear at all it was dismissed as unworthy of men who were the descendants of Canadian pioneers and the sturdy sons of the "old sod."

Suddenly the war-whoop of the savage rang in their ears, and they knew that he and his brother, the Half-breed, were on the war-path against the invaders of their soil. The forts were the only places of retreat, and hurriedly throwing together such articles as could be transported they made their way as swiftly as might be to Fort Pitt, to Battleford, to Prince Albert, and other points promising a degree of safety from the savage foe.

When General Middleton, therefore, marshaled his little army he found that he could command about 4,000 men of all arms, and that this was the work he had to do: First, to dislodge the rebels from their main stronghold in the neighborhood of Carlton and Prince Albert. As I have said, the numbers with Riel were absolutely unknown. Couriers from the disaffected district told all sorts of stories, but it was generally believed that his force was not less than 1,500 Half-breeds and Indians. It was said that bands of Montana Half-breeds had come across the border; that dynamite was to be freely used; that all the rebels were armed with Winchester rifles, and were provisioned for an indefinite period; that they were strongly intrenched in the heart of an almost impassable territory, and that they were resolved to fight to the bitter end. Second, to relieve Battleford, where, in the fort near the village, some 600 men, women, and children were surrounded by savages and expecting every hour to feel the edge of the Indian scalping-knife. Third, to send a force to Edmonton, far to the west, where a number of settlers with their families had taken refuge. Besides all this there were the outlying posts to be protected, bases of supply to be established and maintained, a transport and commissariat service to be whipped into shape, men and munitions of war to be forwarded through a country known to be hostile, and where enemies were said to be in waiting in every contee and behind every bush. But General Middleton was an old warrior, accustomed to face difficulty and danger, and before his indomitable will obstacles fell away and dissolved themselves like the snow which was now melting from the trail he was about to follow.

The main body, as I have said, was to march from Qu'Appelle, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, into the northern wilderness. The Manitoba troops had been mustered on the first news of the outbreak, and by March 30 were stationed at Fort Qu'Appelle, seventeen miles north of the railway, to await the arrival of the eastern troops. On the 6th of April, when only a portion had arrived, the general determined to advance, and at 5:45 A. M. on that morning, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, the little army filed away on their perilous journey. Perilous, indeed, it proved to be, not because of assaults by the enemy, but because Nature herself seemed to have taken up arms against the invaders. Through snow and slush, swamp and contee, in the teeth of the fierce northern blast which charged down upon them in merciless fury, they struggled on for the first day, and when, tired and footsore and cold and hungry, they came to a halt at last, they found they had endured all this fatigue for a pitiful advance of some twelve miles.

It would have been small wonder if these raw youths, fresh from peaceful occupation, almost untrained and called for the first time to undergo the hardships of such a march as this, had manifested symptoms of "funk" as they waded through the snow-drifts to prepare their camp that night. But there were none, and next morning saw them again on their way, stiff and sore, no doubt, but with undiminished ardor.

It is not my intention to describe their journey. Overtaken at intervals by the several divisions from the east, they arrived at their rallying point on the Saskatchewan about the 17th or 18th of April, and went into camp to await the arrival of supplies and re-enforcements, which were expected by steamer as soon as the condition of the river would permit. These not arriving, however, General Middleton resolved to attack with his present force, numbering some 950 men, and the 24th of April saw the so-called battle of Fish Creek, in which the Canadian troops suffered severely, having seven killed and forty-five wounded. They held the ground, however, and drove the rebels from their fastnesses, halting at last when darkness prevented further advance.

Seven killed and forty-five wounded may seem a small number when we recall Gettysburg or Chattanooga, but it was enough, far more than enough. There was many a mournful home in Canada when the news of the fight came, telling that although we were victorious it was at the cost of some of the best blood of our young Dominion.

## MEN AND MARVELS OF THE COAL REGION.

BY R. T. WILEY

### II.

We have seen how our coal-beds were formed in the ages of long ago, from vegetable matter, and afterward pressed for ages following, by the weight of mighty rocks and hills, into the solid black mass so useful to us now. But I fancy some readers are saying,

"How do you know the coal was formed in the manner described? What proof have you to offer?"

Such inquiries are entirely proper, and in this article, while describing some of the interesting things found in mining, I shall, at the same time, try to answer the above questions.

The impress of leaves and twigs, the forms of stalks and vines, and even the trunks of great trees, are sometimes found, all now pure coal like their surroundings, but retaining the forms they had when living and growing—who can tell how long ago? The perfect imprints of beautiful ferns are found, with the delicate tracery of their leaf outlines, and the hair-like penciling of their stems and veins. Various other leaf forms are met, and sometimes the perfect shapes of roots and vines are found, which can be followed many feet, and which taper gradually, retaining even their branches. These are undoubtedly the remains of vegetable growth, but they are met hundreds of feet below the present surface of the ground. Of course, these preserved forms are exceptions, the greater part of the vegetation having been compressed into the compact mass so hard that no form was left to it. But they go to indicate what originally entered into the mass.

The forms of tree-trunks are occasionally met in the coal, sometimes singly, sometimes standing in considerable numbers, just as they grew, and in other places lying in all positions. So perfect are some of these preservations of form that the grain of the wood can yet be seen. Where the tree has been hollow a column of sandstone is often found within, going to prove the correctness of the theory of these beds having been covered gradually by sand and clay distributed over them by water.

But other things indicate that coal was formed in the way already described. In some places processes are in operation which are believed to be the early stages of forming what would eventually be a kind of coal. In Ireland and elsewhere a substance called peat is dug from bogs, or swamps, on low ground, and seems to be composed of matted

roots, wood-fiber, and earth. It is always saturated with water when found, and is cut out in blocks. When dried it burns freely. In other places is found a substance called lignite. It is usually brown in color, and appears to be a very soft variety of coal, easily crumbling. In it wood-fiber can be detected, and when burned it gives off a smell decidedly vegetable-like.

Now, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the peat would finally become lignite, and the lignite coal, if the conditions continued favorable for a sufficient length of time, since all are clearly composed of the same kind of material. In other words, all are coal in different stages of growth. But probably the peat, composed principally of roots and stems of swamp rushes, would never make as good coal as that formed of the great forests ages ago. We have here a complete succession of stages in the growth of coal—what those men have not who would have us believe that men were developed from apes, and apes from lower orders of animal life, tracing it back until the lowest known form is reached in a little speck of jelly-like living matter, called a moneron. But they fail to tell us where the moneron got life, and just where the ape ceased to be an ape and became a man!

The chief element in coal is carbon, a substance found in many forms in nature, and even entering into the composition of our bodies. The pencils used in the production of electric lights are nearly pure carbon. Anthracite coal is a purer form of carbon than bituminous, and the generally accepted theory is that the anthracite deposits were once bituminous, but the gases and other elements were largely expelled by heat to which the coal was subjected from fires in the earth. Graphite, or plumbago, from which lead pencils are made, is a yet purer form of carbon, and the brilliant and costly diamond is pure carbon crystallized. So the name, "black diamonds," often applied to coal, is not altogether fanciful.

## DICKY JOHNSON, THE TRADER.

BY MRS. W. F. HEMENWAY.

Dick Johnson was a "poor, or'nary crittur," so his neighbors said. He was good for nothing but trading, and only good for that because he was the humble instrument that often gave sharper men than he a good bargain. He worked a few acres of ground, got a bare living, and traded. In vain were remonstrances from his wife and friends. He kept right on until he made his crowning and final swap by exchanging worlds, leaving his wife and Dick junior to fight the battles of life alone. But Mrs. Johnson was a good fighter.

Early and late she toiled, and managed to feed, clothe, and school little Dicky, and the patch of ground began to respond to her efforts by bearing good crops and putting on an air of general thriftiness. All her hopes were centered in little Dicky, and she privately vowed to quench in him any incipient tendency to follow trading. But woman proposes and the adversary disposes. When Dicky got his first jack-knife he also got a burning desire to swap it for another boy's knife. It mattered not that his mother annulled the trade and disgraced him in his own eyes by compelling him to trade back—he only waited his next chance, and at length his discouraged mother gave over and resigned her boy to his father's fate, for she knew it would come.

Dicky went on. Marbles, jack-stones, strings, whistles, and knives were always changing hands, and the people who remembered his father, as he grew older, called him Ditto, because in his trades he so exactly resembled his paternal relative. So time went on until Dicky was a well-grown boy and able to take a hand at work.

One fine autumn day when Farmer Smith and he were settling up after Dick's summer work, Farmer Smith said,

"Ditto, how would you like this colt for past pay? You may have him for ten dollars."

The colt had been hurt and was weak in the hips. Dick pondered a moment, thought he saw money in it, and took it. He led it home and put it in his mother's pasture.

"Whose colt?" asked his mother.

"Mine," answered Dicky.

"What for?" asked his mother.

"To sell for more than I gave for it," said Dicky.

"Can't you match it and have a span?" asked his mother, in ridicule.

Luckless woman! Dicky seized the idea, kept his eyes open, and in less than a week had bought another colt, sound in the hips, but lame in the ankles. His mother looked at the new arrival.

"How much, Dicky?"

"Fifteen dollars," said Dick.

Far, far into the night Dicky lay awake, building castles from the profits that would be his when he traded the colts. Night after night his dreams went on, though he gave no thought to the fact that they were eating every day and yet were not earning any thing. His mother called attention to the fact.

Then Dicky bridled him of the lame hips and rode away to look for a trade. Even his mother confessed a sense of pleasure when he came home with seventeen dollars and fifty cents hard cash, which he had received as the price of the colt.

"Now, mother," said Dick, "let me go to the city to-morrow and trade the other one."

"To the city," echoed his mother; "you would get lost."

"No, I wont; I'll go to Bill Adams. He'll help me trade."

Reluctantly Mrs. Johnson fitted her hopeful out, and away he went to the city.

Once again fortune favored him. There were bigger fools abroad that morning than Dicky was, and before evening he was ready to start for home with an old gray horse, fairly sound and good to work.

When anxious Mrs. Johnson saw the result of the trip, she was pleased.

"Now, Dicky," said she, "let well enough alone. I can afford to pay you enough for the use of this old horse to give you a big interest on the money you have in it, and don't, I beg, risk another trade."

But even now her fate was upon her. A man went by the place where Dicky was working one day, and the man was driving a mule.

To Dicky there was always something perfectly irresistible in a mule. The man bawled out to him,

"I say, Ditto, how'll you trade?"

"How much?" asked Dicky.

"Even," said the man.

"But he's so little," said Dicky. "He can't do any thing."

"O yes, he can, and besides he is a splendid saddle mule. You can learn to ride."

"No saddle," said Dicky; "throw in a saddle."

"You don't want a saddle. A blanket and surcingle is better for a little fellow like this," said the man.

Dicky had sense enough to know that he ought not to trade, and yet he surrendered.

Old Gray and the mule changed places. Mrs. Johnson wept, Dicky felt conscience-smitten, and the only happy ones in the whole lot were the man who had made the trade and the mule, which, in Old Gray's ex-stable, was munching his supper.

"Dicky," said Mrs. Johnson, the next morning, at breakfast, "what are you going to do with the mule?"

"Guess I'll learn to ride," said Dicky.

"Not much money in that," said his mother.

"Well," said Dicky, "I've worked hard all summer, and am going to work next month for Farmer Wilder, and I may as well have a little fun between times."

So away went happy Dicky, and presently he appeared with the little mule, blanketed for a ride.

"Isn't he a beauty, mother?" he asked, as he led him up before her.

"'Pears to me he has an odd look in his eyes," said his mother.

"What kind of a look do you call an odd look?"

"O, a queer expression."

"Well, what kind of an expression?"

"Prophetic."

"Pshaw!" said Dicky, and with that he mounted the mule. The animal did not stir. "Go on!" said Dicky. The mule started slowly, dignifiedly, hesitatingly. "Go on!" said Dicky, in a louder tone. The mule stopped. "Mother, give me a switch," said Dicky.

Mrs. Johnson passed him a switch. He gave the mule one smart stroke. Back went the mule's ears, forward went his feet as he planted them on the ground, and the prospect of a ride looked dull. One more stroke, and the mule whirled around three times, then suddenly jumped stiff-legged, paused as if astonished that Dicky still held to his back, and then away he went.

Dicky said that night, as he sat at the supper table with his head tied up, strips of court-plaster adorning his face, and rags on his fingers, that he couldn't think of any thing but oiled lightning as the mule raced along the road, until, having made the circuit of a whole section of land, he brought up in front of Mrs. Johnson's, came to a sudden halt, and gracefully pitched Dicky over his head in front of his own door. Then he stopped and gazed at his fallen rider with a serene expression. Dicky plowed the earth with his head and hands, and when he could stop he sat up and regarded the mule.

As for Mrs. Johnson, she had watched the mule as he vanished with his precious burden, then listened until the clatter of the little hoofs could no longer be heard, and then waited in a state of abject terror that culminated in screams when the mule returned her borrowed boy in such unseemly style.

"O Dicky!" she gasped, "sell him or give him away, or kill him, but never try to ride him again."

"I wont try again, mother," said Dicky, and he made no mental reservation; neither did he remark that he did not want to promise because he should want so much to do it if he promised not to.

"It wont do to go peddling him now, though," said Dicky, "till I get healed up. I couldn't give him away with all these scratches on me."

"Put him in the pasture," said his mother, and into the pasture he went.

The next morning Dicky left the scene of his greatest exploit and went to Farmer Wilder's, where he had contracted to chore during the fall and winter. His spirit was subdued, his mien was modest; he worked steadily day after day until his wounds were healed, when the restlessness of the trader again attacked him. He hung around the streets at night hoping to see a horse he wanted, or to hear of some one who wanted a mule. At last the hour and the man came together.

"Ditto," said this man, "I heard you had a mule. D'ye want to trade?"

"What ye got?" asked Dicky.

"Good bay horse, steady goer."

"How'll you trade?" asked Dicky.

"Even."

"Can't do it; my mule is a good saddle crittur—goes pretty near a mile a minute."

"Well," said the man, "I've got a shot-gun that I'll throw in."

"Where is it?" asked Dicky.

"I'll bring it over in the morning," said the man, who knew that Dicky spent his nights at his mother's.

So in the morning the man, the horse, and the gun were in front of Mrs. Johnson's door.

To an old settler it would have seemed as if Dick senior had returned to earth, so like old times did it look to see a skin-covered skeleton supporting itself on Johnson's hitching-post.

Dicky came out and met the trio. He looked at the gun. "Why one barrel is burst!" he exclaimed.

"Wal, that don't hurt it," said the man. "You can't shoot with two barrels at once; I never could see the use of a double-barreled gun no how."

Dicky was willing to trade, but he did not want to appear too anxious; besides he did not really enjoy the mournful expression of the old bay. It seemed to him as if a tear was threatening to drip from his sunken eye and glide gently down his nose. Finally, however, the swap was made, and even trading Dicky was ashamed of his bargain.

"Mother," said he, "I'll ask Mr. Wilder if I may keep him in his pasture till he looks better."

Mr. Wilder, standing in his barn door, saw Dicky approaching leading his new prize.

"What in the world have you there?" asked the farmer.

"Traded off my mule," answered Dicky, not exactly liking to say a word that would call attention to his new purchase. "Can I pasture him here a few days?" pursued Dicky.

"Turn him in," said the farmer. "The quicker he gets to grass the better."

Slowly the old horse moved through the gate, and feebly he began to nibble the grass in the pasture. Later on in the day as Mr. Wilder was going over the farm, he saw a strange-looking object over by the fence; he wondered; he drew near. It was the old bay sitting down to rest—sitting on his haunches like a dog.

The next morning when Mr. Wilder went out, Dick's old horse lay prone upon the earth too stiff to get up alone. Mr. Wilder helped it up. The next morning the poor old horse failed to get up even with Mr. Wilder's help. He waited until Dicky came. "You lift his head while I lift his hips," said Mr. Wilder, "and we will get him up."

I suppose it will never be certainly known whether Dicky lifted prematurely or whether Mr. Wilder was a little tardy about his lifting, but one thing is certain: while each one was busy in his own department, something went snap!

"What's that?" asked Dicky, as the horse began to gasp.

"His neck, I reckon," said Mr. Wilder, and at that moment the poor old bay, who had known many summers and many hardships, gave utterance to his final moan.

All was still for a few moments. Death is a subduing spectacle even when an old horse is extinguished. Dicky broke the silence.

"Mr. Wilder, do you want to buy a gun?"

"No," said Mr. Wilder, "I have no use for one that I know of."

"What shall I do with this old fellow?" asked Dicky.

"Bury him down in the corner of the wood lot."

To that dull duty Dicky now addressed himself; and as he threw out spadeful after spadeful of dirt, for it took a big hole to bury the old bay's skin and bones, he was busy thinking how he should get rid of the gun with its one barrel.

"What had I rather have than a gun, any way?" soliloquized Dicky. "I don't want to shoot, I'm afraid to; and then powder and shot cost money, and I don't know how to load a gun, and I don't know as I want to know; and I couldn't hit any thing if I did shoot. Let me see, what do I want any way? I know I want a watch, and John Brown has one, and I'll strike him for a trade."

That night he went with trembling to John for a trade. To his surprise, John was willing. He said he didn't care for a watch, and did want a gun, because he wanted to go hunting. He got out the watch and said he would want boot, only the watch needed a little repairing, and so he would trade even. The trade was accomplished and Dicky carried his watch to the jeweler. When it was repaired he had $1 50 to pay.

It was a nice little silver watch, but as it ticked away on its nail at night, after Dicky was in bed, it seemed to be saying,

"Trade me! trade me!" and when Dicky awoke in the morning it was saying the same thing. How could Dicky resist this constant plea? He liked the watch, but he longed for something that he had not. He was sought and found by a man who had something that he wanted not, and that something was a hog.

"Ditto," said he, "I've a nice hog; trade me your watch for it."

"How'll ye trade?" asked Dicky.

"Even," said the man.

"What do I want of a hog?" asked Dicky.

"Make you lots of nice pork about Christmas time," said the man.

Away went the watch, and the hog went into Mrs. Johnson's pen. Mrs. Johnson was pleased at last at Dick's trade. Her prophetic nose took in the odor of new sausage, roasting rib, and the fragrant ham. But alas for human hopes! On the third morning Dicky came from the pen and said to his mother,

"Hog's sick."

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Don't know, guess it's cholera."

Sure enough it was cholera, and the next morning Dick's hog was no hog. It was not pork, nor ham, nor sausage—it was only a carcass.

It is rather hard for a truthful chronicler to be obliged to begin with a colt, if he is a little lame in the hips, and end up with the carcass of a hog, but candor compels me to do it. These were all real trades, and were all done in their order by one boy; but for the benefit of any boy who might be reading this and who is conscious of a weakness for trading, I might append a little catechism which would run this way:

What is trading?

Swapping.

What is swapping?

Trading.

Who gets the best bargain?

The boy who has the poorest wares.

Who soonest comes to grief?

The boy with the best wares.

What will be his fate?

His assets will at last be represented by the amount of money it would take to buy a hog's carcass.

Moral: Don't trade.

## MONTREAL DURING CARNIVAL WEEK.

LATE one cold morning in January Fred, Bob, and I found ourselves in the station at Montreal. Our train had been delayed more than two hours, and not a morsel of breakfast had we tasted.

"Whew," said Bob, "I thought that car was the coldest place in North America, but this is a trifle worse. Where's the hotel? For the sake of my family and friends I must try to keep alive."

"Regular arctic expedition," added Fred. "Trot out some old boot-legs and a tallow-candle, and let's have a square meal."

We hastened to an omnibus, which like all the other vehicles in Montreal was on runners, and as the crow flies—indeed, with the hunger of that rapacious bird—we took our way to the Windsor Hotel, the pride of all Canada. At this season the huge building was crowded, as the morning paper had it, "with the beauty, chivalry, and nobility of the Dominion, and many Americans."

We waited with outward calm while their lordships and ladyships were served, Bob treating us meanwhile to a lecture on the folly, pomp, and vanity of the English aristocracy.

At last we managed to waylay a waiter, who dropped *h's* and dishes with a charming impartiality, and who finally succeeded in getting us a breakfast cold enough to have been prepared in the ice-palace itself.

After warming ourselves thoroughly at a huge radiator in the rotunda, we crossed the street to inspect the great attraction of the carnival—the ice-palace.

It presented a really beautiful appearance. Its battlements and towers glittered in the sunlight, and the roof of dark green boughs sparkled with jewels of frost-work. The lovely sea-green color of the lower, thicker walls shaded upward to a delicate blue on pinnacles and tower. We entered one of the large portals and walked among the columns of solid ice. I was charmed, and grew enthusiastic. Fred, too, joined me in my rhapsody. Bob was silent. Finally I became a little out of patience, and said:

"Bob, don't you admire this beautiful, fairy-like place?"

"O yes, but it needs just one thing."

"What's that?"

"A stove."

Bob always was lacking in appreciation of the beautiful. This put an end to our ecstasies, and we returned to the "Windsor" to find a stove for Bob.

Again comfortably warm, Bob said:

"Let's buy a sleigh."

This was Bob's quiet, unassuming way of proposing to hire one of the sleighs that stood in front of the hotel. These sleighs are comfortable affairs. The driver's seat in front is very high, and over the back of it hangs a long, handsome robe which protects the passengers from the biting wind. We jumped into one of these vehicles, were covered with three robes, which the driver buckled close around us, and off we went.

Time and space are lacking to tell all our adventures, of races with other sleighs, of tobogganing which took Bob's breath away for once at least, of the cathedral, of the races and sports on the frozen river—curling, hockey, and skating.

Montreal was a gay place. Flags were to be seen everywhere; horses covered with plumes and ribbons dashed up and down street and avenue with merry loads; snow-shoe clubs and toboggan parties, in their bright suits of blanket cloth, were hurrying toward their favorite routes and slides; gigantic "curlers" in Highland costume stalked with great dignity along the street, and almost every-where could be seen the tourist from "the States," dashing around, shriveled up with cold, yet determined to see the whole thing even if he never thawed out again.

Discouraged by our experience of the morning, we took lunch and dinner at a cozy little French restaurant, which our driver, who, I suspect, was not unacquainted with the proprietor, recommended to us.

In the evening we attended the grand carnival at the Victoria Ice Rink.

At first it was our intention to appear on the surface in costume. Bob proposed that we dress as Uncle Sam, and show the "Kanucks" a thing or two. When we explained our patriotic idea to the man in the ticket-office he coolly informed us that unless we were members of the Victoria Club we could not skate. We silently bought reserved seats, and Bob said:

"Let 'em run their old carnival."

"Certainly," said Fred. "That's right, Bob. I'm glad to hear you say that; I was afraid you meant to stop. My, that's beautiful!"

We had entered the great building, and Fred's exclamation was not surprising.

The surface of the ice was as smooth and clean as dark green glass. The roof and walls of the building were covered with flags and bunting. The object that riveted our gaze, however, was the ice grotto in the center of the surface. Eight symmetrical pillars of ice supported a conical roof of the same material; within a fountain of water was dashing its spray, while an electric light with a powerful reflector sent a pencil of colored light from the gallery at one side, so that the grotto assumed all the hues of the rainbow.

Suddenly with a blare of trumpets the skaters appear, the King of the Carnival and his attendants—twelve young men—

leading the way. The band strikes up a national air, the skaters sway from side to side in graceful curves; the bright and varied costumes, the harmonious movements, the lights and music make a captivating picture.

The attendants of the king skate along the edges of the crowd, and shower bonbons upon the spectators. As a handful of hard candies strikes Fred in the face, and recalls him to his immediate surroundings again, he says to Bob:

"I say, Bob, what a pity it is we can't show them a thing or two! I'm sure if they could see you 'spread the eagle' once that it would break up this whole 'Kanuck Carnival.'"

Bob ate candies, mottoes, and all, and said not a word.

At last the hour for closing came. The carnival was concluded like every other public meeting in Canada, whether it be prize-fight or church service, with "God Save the Queen," and we hurried to the station to catch the train for a warmer clime.

## BURIED ALIVE.

A GERMAN surgeon, Dr. Du Prel, who lived many years in India, has written a book about the curious practices of the "Fakirs." These people, who are a species of religious tramp, claim miraculous power. If the German doctor tells the truth, their claim seems well founded. The Chicago "Tribune" gives the following extract from Du Prel's book:

An Indian prince had heard that a certain fakir possessed the miraculous power of allowing himself to sink into apparent death, to be buried and to be kept in his grave a number of months before being exhumed and again brought to life. The Maharajah summoned the celebrated fakir to his court and bade him make the experiment. The fakir did not hesitate. He sank into a condition resembling death, and his body, in the presence of the prince and grandees, was wrapped in linen and placed in a box, on which the prince himself hung the lock. The box was then buried in the garden of one of the ministers outside the city. Over the grave barley was sown; round about it a high wall was built, and sentinels, who were relieved every few hours, were placed on watch. Forty days afterward the prince, accompanied by his ministers of state, Gen. Ventura, an Englishman, and a physician, went to the garden. The box was exhumed, and in it lay the fakir, cold and stiff. By the application of warmth to the head, the blowing in of air through the mouth and energetic rubbing of the body, the man was quickly resuscitated. One of the ministers then said that he had known the same fakir to have been buried for four months. On the day of the burial the chin had been smoothly shaven, and on the day of exhumation it was found to be perfectly smooth.

Dr. Du Prel refuses to place these cases in the category of "jugglery," and says, in conclusion:

Every Orientalist knows that there is no jugglery in the burial of these apparently dead fakirs. We have undoubtedly to do with a very remarkable psychical power, of which, at present, we know but very little. It is to be hoped that European scientists will eventually make the fakirs the subjects of their earnest investigations.

## EX-PRESIDENT GRANT IN CHINA.

THE Chinese do not know every thing. No sooner do we invent the telephone than they proclaim that their scientists used such instruments three thousand years ago. But one thing is not in their records, and that is a Republican form of government, with its innumerable throng of ex-officials of every degree. An anecdote of Gen. Grant, from the "San Francisco Ingleside," will serve as an illustration of this fact:

When Grant returned from China he gave an amusing account of the difficulty he had in making the court officials of the Middle Kingdom understand his position in this country. They kept constantly addressing him as the emperor of the United States.

"But I am not the emperor," insisted Gen. Grant. "I was President of the United States, but I am out of office now."

"You are in exile then?" said one of the mandarins, in great alarm.

"No, I am traveling; I am now on the way back to my country."

"Ah, then, you are an emperor still."

And the moon-eyed celestials shook their heads and smiled faintly. It was the Chinese idea of a joke.

## CLAY'S POWER.

HENRY CLAY, "the great commoner" of America, won that title by the marvelous way he had of adapting himself to all conditions of people. Representing Kentucky in the national legislature, he many times voted and spoke in a way which could not always be acceptable to all his constituents. The way in which he recalled to his standard one of the disaffected is thus described:

On a certain occasion he met an old hunter, who had once been his supporter, but who afterward went against him on account of his vote on a certain bill in Congress.

"Have you a good rifle, my friend?" he asked of the hunter.

"Yes."

"Does it ever flash in the pan?"

"It never did so more than once," the hunter answered, proud of his weapon.

"Well, what did you do with it? You didn't throw it away, did you?" continued Mr. Clay.

"No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down game."

"Have I ever flashed in the pan, except on the Compensation bill?"

"No, I can't say you have."

"Well, will you throw me away?"

"No; I'll pick the flint and try you again." So the hunter grasped Mr. Clay's hand and gave him his vote.

## OVERREACHED HIMSELF.

THIS is the way in which the "Detroit Free Press" describes a too sagacious Dutchman whose own dishonesty proved a trap in which he himself was caught:

"I pelief I want some more lawsuits," said Mr. Dunder, as he entered the Central Station in a highly indignant state of mind.

"What's the matter this time?" asked the captain.

"Vhell, I vhant a suit of clothes, you know. Dot oldt suit vhas no good any more. My wife she feels oshamed of me, und my poy Shake looks me all oafer und says:

"'Fadder, peeples vhas shudged by der clothes on deir backs more ash an odder vhay. If you don't get some new clothes peeples vhill say our peesness vhas all gone to pieces.'

"Dot Shake vhas a shmart boy to reason like dot, und I see how it vhas. I go oop on Michigan Avenue last night to puy me some suits. Vhell, I look und look. Some vhas for four dollar, und some for ten. Eafery tings vhas warranted not to fade, und to fit me like a clock. You see dis suit?"

"Yes."

"You like him?"

"No. That's a second-hand suit and as homely as sin."

"You vhas right. He ask me nine dollar for dis suit, but I don't take him. I laugh at him. I make fun of him. By und by I feel in der pants-pocket. Dere vhas some pocket-book in dere."

"Left there by the former owner of the suit?"

"Dot's how I pelief."

"Felt pretty bulky, didn't it?"

"Felt shust like it vhas crowded mit greenbacks, und I feels tickled all oafer. Captain, I puys dot suit queek as lightning."

"Of course."

"Und I runs half de vhay home only to find dot it vhas an empty pocket-book. Here it vhas."

"Worth about ten cents."

"Dot's vhat Shake says. Captain, I shall sue dot man."

"You can't."

"But I vhas shwindled!"

"You swindled yourself."

"Can't I do sometings?"

"Not a thing."

"Vhell! vhell! Captain, I like to shpoke to you."

"Go on."

"I pays taxes in two wards, and I vhas nominated for alderman. I can't shtand such shokes on me. I shall go oop to that blace to-day. I shall take that shwindler by der neck and fling him down, und vhen he vhas down I shall sit on him und make him eat dis pocket-book! If some clerks interfere it shall be badt for 'em, and if some boleece come aroundt I vhas a dangerous man. Captain, I warns you in time."

## WHISTLING GIRLS.

EVERY girl has heard that

"Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad ends,"

and

"Whistling girls and black sheep,
Are the poorest property a man can keep,"

but, for all that, girls will whistle, and a physician says there is no reason why they should not make as good music as their brothers do. He gives a scientific analysis of the process:

The mouth has more muscles than any other portion of the body—the number varies from nineteen to twenty-one. The chief muscle is the obicularis oris or sphincter muscle. This muscle is in two parts, the upper extending from the nose to the mouth, and the lower from the chin to the mouth. The two parts are interwoven at the corners of the mouth so that they act as one muscle. Their minor circumference circumscribes the opening of the mouth. This muscle by modifying the state of the expired air produces in it vibrations of a peculiar character, and this is whistling.

In whistling the lips are pursed up so that only a small aperture remains. The air is driven from the lungs into the mouth, where it

distends the buccinator muscles of the cheeks, and these muscles contracting aid in forcing out the air through the lips. The tongue compresses the volume of air in the mouth, and so adds to the sharpness of the whistle. The benefit of the tongue is readily seen when an attempt is made to whistle sharply with an indrawn breath. Women have the same muscles of the mouth as men, and are generally as well able to use them. There is no reason at all why every body should not whistle. Some try to whistle by blowing through their pouting lips, but that is not the idea at all. The mucous membrane of the lips must be drawn tense, so that it will vibrate by the force of the current of air passing over it. These vibrations are communicated to the air column, and hence the tone, varying with the tension of the lips and air. It is on exactly the same principle that the vocal cords work. The lips adjust themselves voluntarily according to the musical ear of the whistler, as it is impossible for him to distinguish the different positions of the lips in sounding the various tones. People with no ear for music will invariably whistle very much out of tune, while people with a cultivated ear will whistle very finely. As women are, as a rule, more musical than men, they can whistle better when they set about it. However, it is greatly a matter of practice.

## AN IRISH NEGRO.

THE "Chicago Tribune" reports the following scene in a city court. A live Hibernian niggah would fill Jumbo's place in the great show:

Two young Negroes stood before Justice Meech, recently, charged with picking the pockets of an old man whom they found lying on the sidewalk drunk.

"What were you doing on the streets that night at that hour?" inquired the justice.

"We was jess a-goin' home from the wes' side whah we was intendin' a wake of a young cullud lady, sah, when we was arrested," said Davis.

"What! A wake, and you colored. Come, that wont do."

"Shuah, Jedge; she was a Hibernian niggah, sah."

## BULLDOZE AND BOYCOTT.

THESE two words are now as well established as though they had "come over with the conqueror" instead of being scarcely out of their teens. Bulldoze was the term applied to the process in use among the "Kuklux Klan" to intimidate the southern Negroes in the unsettled times which succeeded the civil war. A *dose* from a teamster's raw-hide or *bull*-whip was enough to reduce any refractory Negro to obedience. Hence to "bull-dose" or "bulldoze" was used for any form of intimidation, and there was something so novel in the sound of the word that the papers caught it up and made it common property.

Bulldoze is a native, but boycott comes to us from the Emerald Isle. When the land troubles in Ireland were at their height a few years ago, one Captain John Boycott had trouble with his tenants "about the rint," and evicted them; that is, put them out of their houses. In retaliation for what they deemed an injustice the neighbors agreed to have nothing whatever to do with Captain Boycott. His cows stood in the stalls unmilked and his grain grew yellow in the fields unharvested. Not an Irishman would lift a finger to help about the house or the farm. The indignant captain was forced to appeal to the Lord Lieutenant, who detailed a company of her majesty's soldiers to do the farm work.

The example of Boycott's tenants was contagious, and one after another of the neighboring estates was left without laborers. To describe this isolating practice the name of Captain Boycott was taken, and the spead of the practice across the seas has brought the word with it as a common word in labor troubles.

## A JAPANESE CALL.

IT would be easier for our girls to rid themselves of tiresome visitors if our rules of etiquette were made over upon the Japanese model. The "Boston Traveller" relates the sad experience of a Washington lady, who did not understand Japanese politeness:

A Japanese gentleman called on her one day just before luncheon. As it was a first and, presumably, ceremonious call, she naturally expected it would be brief. To her surprise he accepted her invitation to lunch, and that domestic rite over, he still stayed. The hours wore on and he did not go. The lady was wearied beyond endurance. Dinner time came. The lady's husband returned, and still the gentleman from Japan stayed on. He was, as a matter of necessity, invited to dinner. Finally the gentleman of the house relieved his wife for a time in entertaining this apparently stationary visitor, but as the evening wore on he became so tired and sleepy that he retired to his own apartment, and the hostess again screwed her courage to the sticking point and resumed the entertainment of the guest. At last, about midnight, the Japanese, with the most elaborate and abject apologies to the lady for leaving her, took his departure. But the comedy reached its denouement the next day when a friend, in whom the extraordinary guest had confided, told the hostess that he never had such an ordeal before in his life; that he was so tired, and he thought the lady would never let him go, and finally he was obliged to leave her without her permission. Then the hostess learned that in Japanese etiquette the lady receiving a gentleman gives him the signal for his departure, and it is very rude in their code to leave her till she does this.

## THE EARLY DAYS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE early work of the temperance reformers seems ineffective compared with modern methods and results. But public sentiment had to be changed and progress was very slow. In 1826 the Congregationalist minister of Groton, Mass., noted in his journal that the church "raising" had passed off without the use of strong drink—an almost unprecedented occurrence. In the earlier records of the same town it stands recorded that a squaw was fined for having in her possession two quarts of rum, and the liquor was given to the constables. In the same line is the following from the New York "Sun:"

It is said that the first restrictive liquor law ever passed in this country was enacted in a little town in Rhode Island, and read as follows: "Every saloon keeper who sells more than one gallon of liquor to a minor shall be fined one dollar and costs." The first temperance pledge remembered in circulation in New England was thus worded: "I solemnly swear to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors on all occasions except on training days, wedding days, banquets, and other great occasions."

## QUEER ENGLISH.

A FEW years ago an antiquarian found a neglected book in a public library. It bore the title "English as She is Spoke," and was written by a Portuguese to aid his fellow-countrymen to a correct knowledge of English. The errors which it contained were so ludicrous that the finder republished it as a joke. Mark Twain wrote a preface for it, and it had a large sale. It would appear that a copy of this valuable work found its way to the Crimea, and was faithfully studied by the proprietor of the Hotel de Russie. In that hotel is a placard with the following inscription in "English:"

2. Accounts on white paper are delivered every day to be verified, and they are paid by leaving the Hotel, ore by a longer stay, every Saturday.

4. In the rooms can be placed only so many persons as there are beds, excepte if there are put reserve beds in, of which every one costs 50 kopecks.

TO THE HOTEL BELONGS

1. A beautiful dining room, Rushan and French cooking. Table d'hote dinner from 1 to 6 o'clock.

2. Conversation salon with a rovale.

3. Reading room with the principales Rushan, French, English, and German News'papers.

5. Baths of sea and sweatwater at evers haur.

8. Possessing ownes cows fresch milk is to be had every morning and evening.

## JAPANESE SUPERSTITIONS.

THE curious stories of Japanese superstition which are told by the missionaries, will cause a laugh in our enlightened households. But perhaps a Japanese girl would be pleased to hear that her American sisters possess a long catalogue of superstitions of their own. Any Yankee girl knows that it is a bad sign to see the moon over the left shoulder, and the children have a dozen magical means of ridding themselves of warts. Think a little about your own curious notions as you read what a missionary says of the Japanese:

Every house, of rich or poor, has a shelf for its family gods, which are worshiped several times during each month. On the anniversary of the decease of members of the family, special prayers are recited. In the kitchen is a shelf for the god of the kitchen, to whom pictures of poultry and pine branches are offered each month. Oil lights are on these shelves during family devotions. Certain grass is collected to protect from insects. Dew gathered from grass on certain days will cure sores on the feet. Seven small red beans, or fourteen for females, swallowed with water on New Year's day, will protect from disease. No scrofulous disease of the scalp will appear if children's heads are not shaven at a little spot above the ears. A tiresome visitor can be got rid of by inverting the broom, throwing a towel over it, and fanning it. A horse's tooth rubbed on pimples on the face will remove them. Amulets and other charms are placed on the gate-ways to private residences. A piece of paper with a black hand drawn on it will ward off small-pox. Garlic protects from chills and colds. In building houses the lucky plan is to have the door face the south-east; the store-room to the north-east, closets on the south-west. Spirit rapping is usually practiced by women who carry a small box a foot square—only the craft know what the box contains. They have also a small bow and a cup of water. Pilgrimages to shrines are common, and there amulets are purchased. Men generally wear more than one amulet. The lower classes will expose theirs, but the educated classes are ashamed of doing this, and conceal them about their clothing. Women carry their amulets in a girdle made for the purpose, with which they never part, night or day. These are for specific purposes: to secure beauty; to cause children to be lovable; to protect from snakes; to save from choking or drowning; or to carry them to paradise.

# Our Youth.

*A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.*

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

*Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

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TOYS are legitimate means of occupation and entertainment for—children. When one becomes too old to be interested in toys of some kind, especially in the hands of children, he is likely to be too old for service anywhere. The hand that traces these lines is now nearly fifty-four years old, and its owner would not like to be dismissed from active labor. And he confesses even now to a lingering fondness for toys.

THERE are toys and toys. They differ in representative and instructional value. Some are simple and some complicated. The former have these advantages—that they are inexpensive, and that they draw more largely upon the imaginative powers of the child. A small stick of wood may be a baby, a boat, or a locomotive, according to the passing fancy. We have seen a child cry over the loss of a bit of rag that had a thread drawn tightly around it to produce a head, two ink points for eyes, a dot for a nose, and from which the mouth was missing entirely. It was a real baby to the earnest, mother-spirited youngster, and when the rag was not to be found there were tears of real bereavement shed.

GREAT is the power of imagination in a child! He lives in a realm of fancy. He imagines—and lo, a world is! In-doors is out-doors to him. Carpets are fields, chairs are hills, hassocks are wagons, canes are horses. How happy he is! How busy! How full of invention! What sage conversations he carries on! What spasms of vexation! How he reproduces mother's moods and "talks like father" when things go wrong! You can appeal to his imagination when you want to divert his attention from personal grievance or outside occurrences. You can tickle his fancy till he laughs outright. You can move his emotions and bring the tears by telling things that were not but might have been. You can teach him and reprove him by a wise appeal to his imagination. It is this power that creates the toy-world.

A NURSERY experience is recalled as we pen these lines. There was a restless youngster, many years ago now, who lived in the editor's house. He had the best right in the world to be there. He seemed to understand that part of it himself—judging from the liberties of sundry sorts he was in the habit of taking with the so-called "authorities" of the household. He was an active presence and could not sit still. He must always be "on the go." It puzzled us to account for this quality in the child. Perhaps it was inherited from some remote Huguenotic ancestor. Even at the table he wanted the fun of the play-room, and could eat better if surrounded by dolls and wagons, cars and blocks. The eating, however, was more likely to be hearty and abundant if cake and candy found a place in his *menu*. He would ask for cake to begin with, and if the reluctant restrictions of an indulgent mother had not been enforced he would have continued and ended with cake. "Toys and cake" at table were the alluring and almost irresistible temptations of the youngster. And we tried an experiment. We aimed to utilize the imagination in dispensing with both and yet keeping the boy contented.

ONE day when the clamor for toy-companionship and diet of cake began, we took a thin slice of bread and spread on it a very thin enamel of butter. We then cut it into thin strips to represent logs of wood, and with these built a small log-house on his plate. The device was a success. The log-house was gradually taken apart and consumed. "Roof gone," he said. "Logs gone. Please make me another house." That young destroyer would eat a village at a meal. Churches went down, and markets, court-house, school-house, railway station—"gone." A locomotive, which consisted of one small strip of lightly buttered bread with an upright bread smoke-stack, would slowly approach the "tunnel," and with puff and whistle (produced by the "tunnel" itself) would disappear between ivory casings—more beautiful than ever decorated tunnel before. And the trains went in and disappeared. What an amount of bread would be consumed in the course of a meal! And the "I don't want any cake at all this time" proved the wisdom of the policy that had employed the imagination in making a substantial meal palatable and in making toys and cake unnecessary. Great is the power of the imagination!

THERE is one step farther in the wise utilizing of the toy-loving powers of a child. Toys may cultivate the imagination. Toys may, by the imagination, be constructed from very simple objects. Every-day work may be turned into play. Even wholesome food, as we have seen, may be taken with the appetizing sauce of imagination and the "better" preferred to the "baser." But there is still farther opportunity in this region. The constructive powers may be exercised and improved during this reign of fancy. Toys may be bought for the child or they may be made by the child. He may be a producer of his own sources of activity and enjoyment. We have observed the pleasure which a child takes in the things he has made for himself. They may be cheap enough, and one may wonder how he can care for such a wagon, or house, or engine, when the shop windows display so many more elaborate things. The secret of the preference is in the fact that he made it himself. We need more training of our children at home in the constructive and producing powers. They need it. They will find more true enjoyment, will be more contented, more self-reliant, more inventive, and thus become in time more useful to others. A boy who early uses his jack-knife and saw to "get up" something to play with will later on be able to use his tools and time in helping mother, in keeping things about the house in repair, and in providing many conveniences which otherwise the family could not afford.

THE toy-world and the world of real things lie very close to each other. It is not far from simple play to actual service. The recreative and the industrial realms lie side by side, and over-lap as do land and sea on the beach. A fond and foolish parent buys toys for his child to please him and to keep him

occupied so that mother may not be disturbed or father interrupted. But a wise parent encourages his child to make his own toys that he may become industrious, inventive, self-reliant, and useful. The toy part of his young life is connected by an unbroken track with the work part, that from the flowery gardens of play the boy and girl may pass easily into the plain paths and broad harvest fields of every-day life. There is an ethical side to the toy. We believe in it, and in these times of intense excitement, when the love of pleasure and the danger of self-gratification abound, we would turn all those early years of play into years of instruction. We would not have children play less, but we would put significance and educating power into play, and let juvenile fun work up into manly and womanly habits of thoughtfulness and helpfulness. We would transform homes into shops for making toys, for manufacturing useful articles from wood and metal, for needle-work and modeling in clay, for practice in cookery and household work, and for the raising of plants and the study of the habits of birds and animals, and for every other juvenile effort out of which might come a more practical education. A world of temptation without is kept out by innocent recreative occupation within. We want to develop home-industries—at home. There is still another phase of this subject which we shall discuss later on.

## OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for January 31, 1886. DANIEL IN BABYLON.—Dan. 1. 8–21.
GOLDEN TEXT.—Psa. 119. 9.

IT is hard to be thought "odd" by other people, and to run the risk of being called a "crank." It is not so hard to *be* a crank, for crankiness is usually self-satisfied. It takes pride in its weakness. To be observed and criticised and condemned is ample compensation for whatever loss one may experience in other ways. But to be pronounced against when one is wise and right is a real burden, and usually the more worthy a man is the more sensitive he is to the opinion of his fellowmen. It is coarseness that "don't care a fig what folks say." The Hebrew youths in Babylon were not cranks. They certainly were "singular" in their conduct. They did not follow the ways of the people with whom they lived. They refused "in Rome to do as Romans do."

If these young men had come to Babylon of their own accord, and had chosen the service of the Babylonian king, there would have been less excuse for their unusual conduct. Having sought the place they would have been expected to conform to its customs. If in these customs there had been any thing wrong, the first step of wrong for them would have been in coming to Babylon at all. But they came against their will. The real struggle with evil begins after they arrive. Shall they conform to the king's requirement or stand by the God of their fathers and the religious customs of their childhood? It was a great risk to run for them to refuse the order of their captors. But they refused.

Where there is an action you seek for the force that caused it. A black hulk moves down the Mississippi. The current is strong, for the waters are high, and the hulk sweeps on swiftly. Where is the cause of this action?—where the force whence comes the movement? It is in the current which by the law of gravitation goes downward. The hulk does not resist, cannot resist. It moves as it must by a force outside of itself. The pressure of the myriad drops of water that bear it up and beat against it explains the motion.

I see another hulk. It does not go down stream, although in the very middle of it. In fact it is going up—slowly, steadily. Against the current, against gravitation, against the pressure of the busy army of water-drops—this other hulk moves up stream. Why? It has a power inside of it which makes the outside power impotent to control it. There is an engine to explain the case. The force is within and not without. The one hulk goes as it must, the other goes as it will. The one is a thing, the other is a power. The one is a slave of circumstances, the other is master of them.

I know fellows who, in the current of society, are helpless hulks, floating like logs by force of outside influence. "Every body" does this or that. So do they. "People" think so or so. And therefore they think so or so. They do and move and go and say, but the secret of all this activity is to be found in currents of circumstances. There are fellows like the brave Jewish boys in Babylon who have centers and sources of motion inside of themselves and who are kings of circumstance, ruling as they will and making the mandates of other kings bend to their relentless purpose. They eat what they deem best for them. They drink as they choose, and not as kings or companions command. They are powers and not things, men and not machines, rulers and not slaves.

The best way leads to the best end. The diet the Hebrews chose was better for them than the royal diet. They were accustomed to it. There is a great deal in that. It was more simple and wholesome—conforming to divine dietetic law given through Moses. It was in harmony with their religious convictions. What one eats with a good conscience is better for him than the best food taken in violation of a sense of duty. They ate with faith in God and with heroic intent. What these young braves from the Judean hills ate with the memory of home and the fear of God before their eyes built them up, and the result justified their policy and rewarded their fidelity.

We need courage, simplicity, and independence to-day as much as in those Babylonian days. In diet, in dress, in deportment, in defiance of public custom where sound sense, purity, and a good conscience are compromised, we need in this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six the spirit that animated the bold and gentle Hebrew youths in the year before our Lord six hundred and five.

## OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

### Subject.

*Resolved*, That secular books should be admitted to Sunday-school libraries.

### Arguments for the Negative.

**No. 1.**—My reasons why secular books should not be admitted to Sunday-school libraries are as follows:

First. They do not cultivate a desire for religious reading.

Second. Many scholars can obtain no religious reading except from Sunday-school libraries.

Third. Sunday-school scholars get an abundance of secular reading at home and at the public day-schools.

Fourth. As there are many who attend Sunday-school from childhood until they reach middle age, and are not sufficiently influenced by its teachings and surrounding to become real converts, I think that the influence of a library of pure religious books over the young minds of the Sunday-school scholars should not be lost by having secular ones instead. G. B. F.

*Hamburg, Erie Co., N. Y.*

**No. 2.**—1. The Sunday-school is a *religious* institution, and all its exercises and influences should tend not only toward good morals, but also directly toward religion.

2. The library books are largely read on Sunday, and therefore only books of a distinctly religious character should issue from it.

3. If Christians object to opening the public libraries and reading rooms on Sunday, they have no right to open a library of secular books under the auspices of the Church. H. L. J.

**No. 3.**—The Sabbath is distinctively for religious growth, and Sunday-school books contribute largely to Sabbath reading. Purely secular literature, however elevating morally, will not affect religious thought as will religious literature of an equally high standard. The reading of a high class of religious literature on Sunday is quite as effectual as the best secular literature in creating a taste for good reading. "Strong, vigorous, natural" stories are not confined to secular literature, nor does "Tom Brown" belong strictly to this class, for it lays positive emphasis upon the development of Christian character, showing the incompleteness of morality without a higher spiritual influence. The history of Christianity is crowded with records of historic lives and great events, furnishing a literature without parallel in its moral, intellectual, and spiritual influence. If Sunday-school libraries are content with "sickly sentiment," the fault lies in the selection, not in dearth of material. K. S.

**No. 4.**—Secular books should not be admitted to Sunday-school libraries, because they do not subserve the main purposes for which Sunday-schools are organized, one of which purposes is to cultivate religion as against the over-intense and even morbid secularism of the age; because we have a vast system of public schools and libraries which are avowedly devoted only to secular education, and whose influence, if not antagonistic, is only incidentally religious; because no book suitable for a Sunday-school library, whether historical, biographical, scientific, poetic, or a book of fiction or art, can be so purely religious as not to be incidentally secular. Therefore, all possible advantages that might accrue to a Sunday-school scholar, as such, from purely secular books in the Sunday-school library, can be incidentally communicated and derived from books, whatever their class, so constructed as to have a distinctively religious tendency. S. N. G.

*Casselton, Dak.*

### Next Subject.

*Resolved*, That Chinese immigration should be restricted.

*Affirmative arguments should be sent to* OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before Feb.* 6 *or* 13, 1886.

## THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

*What relation does the Oxford League sustain to the Chautauqua work?*

None at all. The Oxford League is not a Chautauqua organization; nor is it a department of Chautauqua. It is a purely Methodist movement; proposed at the Centenary of American Methodism in Baltimore, in December, 1884; approved by that body of representatives of American (including Canadian) Methodists; afterward adopted by the Sunday-School Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and still later sanctioned by the Board of Bishops by the appointment of a "Board of Control," whose duty it is to grant charters to "chapters" of the League in the churches, and to superintend the interests of the movement as a whole. The Oxford League is a thoroughly Methodist movement, designed to build up Methodism that Methodism may do more effective work in building up the cause of Christ every-where.

*Why do we have another new thing in our Church plans of work?*

Because we need it. If every minister does not need it, many do. Other plans have not succeeded in holding and interesting and training our young people. Wise men seeking a good end resort to all possible legitimate devices for accomplishing it. If one thing does not succeed, they try again. "If," as Susannah Wesley said, "nineteen times wont do, try twenty." We live in an age of ingenious activity. The world is all astir, pushing its plans for securing results. This is true in business, in pleasure, in politics. Why should not the Church be as active, as energetic, as enterprising, as ingenious as the world? If by the Oxford League we can enlist more young people of Methodism in the work of personal consecration, personal culture, and personal effort, we should be recreant to our trusts not to do it.

*But wont this new plan crowd out other plans, such as the "Lyceum Reading Union," the "Spare-Minute Course," and the "C. L. S. C.?"*

No. There are very few churches where these things exist to be crowded out. Few ministers of our own Church have taken hold of them. They are all good things. They offer to do great good to our people, old and young. But, then, if preachers and people don't see the need, and the proposed appliances are employed, shall we let it all go and give up trying to impress and help? Now, where the Lyceum Reading Union is in operation it is the "easiest thing in the"—Church to add to it the Oxford League; to give an extra course of reading—the short, simple, and inexpensive "Initial" course; to hold a short after-meeting now and then, or a Sunday-afternoon meeting in the interest of the League—a meeting for prayer and religious experience, or for a brief lecture on "Our Church and its needs." The same may be done where the "Spare-Minute Course" and the C. L. S. C. are used. The C. L. S. C. is not a Methodist organization, although its value is great and it is used by many Methodist Episcopal ministers, but even where it is in active operation in a Methodist Episcopal Church, and is made up of Methodist people, it would be a very easy thing to attach to it the Oxford League idea and plan. On the other hand, where a church has no "Lyceum," "Spare-Minute," or "Circle," the Oxford League can bring into it all the elements which give value to these devices, and unify them under this more comprehensive and complete plan of operations.

*Does the Oxford League so exalt literary and intellectual life that it leaves no place for spiritual experience?*

No! We answer with emphasis, No! The Oxford League exalts the consecration to God of every power of the soul—spiritual, intellectual, social, executive. It follows the apostolic injunction, "Whatsoever things are true, . . . think on these things." It teaches that all the powers of the intellect are given to man for improvement and for use. They may be improved for *self*, but so may Church membership, and so, for that matter, may "religious" service of every kind. Culture, to be true culture, must be consecrated—and this is the only culture sought or commended by the Oxford League—the consecrated culture of every faculty and opportunity. There is no legitimate action of the intellect that may not be turned into a religious offering. See in the "Oxford League Notes" below how John Wesley preached the Gospel and wrote English and Roman histories and French and Latin grammars. Is all study in grammar-school and high-school antagonistic to religious life? If so, let us vote against the public-school system. But if right and proper, why not let the Church sanctify them and similar agencies?

### Oxford League Notes.

In joining the O. L. begin by going to the weekly prayer-meeting, to the class, and to the Sunday-school.

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Do you take a Church paper? You should secure one at once. The weekly reading of Our Youth and of one of the other Church papers will greatly increase your knowledge of your own Church and bring you more and more into sympathy with it.

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John Wesley was a great educator. He was both preacher and teacher. The following record from his private journal for *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*, March 6 and 7, 1750, is interesting:

"I began writing a short French grammar. We observed Wednesday as a day of fasting and prayer. I preached at five on 'Repent and do the first works.'" He continues:

"*Thursday*, 11, I prepared a short 'History of England,' for the use of the children, and on *Friday* and *Saturday*, a short 'Roman History,' as an introduction to the Latin historians."

"*Monday*, 15, I read over Mr. Holmes's 'Latin Grammar,' and extracted from it what was needful to perfect our own."

Mr. Wesley would make quite a Chautauquan in these days. He did belong to the "Oxford Club," the original "Oxford League" of Methodism.

## THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

### Anglomania in American Speech.

During the last few years it has become the fashion to ape our English cousins in many of their ways. English tailors are patronized by young men who have never crossed the water, and whose knowledge of London is limited to a conversational acquaintance with "Piccadilly," "the Park," and the "West End." English drags and carts crowd the drive-ways of our parks, driven by those whose fathers were more than satisfied with farm-wagons and buggies. All this, while it may be amusing, is harmless enough in most respects.

But when English terms take the place of American in daily conversation our national spirit should be aroused. It is mere affectation to adopt new names in place of old ones which are in national use. Says Professor Hill, "Words in good use in the United States are to be preferred by an American to those not heard out of Great Britain." We should be thankful that there are as yet few people who speak of *street-cars* as *tram-cars*, call *coal coals*, and keep water in a *jug* instead of a *pitcher*. We feel sorry that so good an American as Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in his last story in the "Atlantic," should have spoken of a *carriage* on the New York Elevated Railroad. We ought to be perfectly willing to welcome all that is good in other countries if we really have need of it, but in the case of words which are used in the same sense from one end of our land to the other it is weakness to abandon them for foreign substitutes just because it is the fashion.

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### Depot or Station?

Although we have laid down so emphatically the principle that English words should not supplant American terms, we wish to make one exception, and that in the case of the word *station*.

The term *depot* now in general use in the United States is an unfortunate one. It does not strictly define the building which is put up by the railroad companies at a town or city. That, however, is a matter of comparatively little importance. If you use the word *depot*, you must pronounce it either *dep* pō or *dē* pō. In the first case you pronounce one syllable in the English manner, and the other in the French—an absurd combination, or, in the second instance, you give the full French pronunciation at the risk of being deemed affected. Neither of these objections may seem very strong, yet they serve to make the use of the word disagreeable to a greater or less degree. The word *station* (a stopping, or stopping-place) came into our language from the Latin centuries ago, and presents no difficulties of meaning or pronunciation. It is a plain, dignified word, much preferable, in our opinion, to the unbalanced or airy *depot*. Of course it is impossible to lay down any rule in this matter, but we hope that this paragraph may lead some of our readers to use the word *station*.

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### A National Language.

We have had occasion to speak of national use, and it may be well just here to say a few words about local expressions and terms. Generally speaking, we are one nation, and have one language, but in reality our country is made up of a large number of small States, each in many respects its own sovereign, and all bound together by the general government. In a like manner we have the same general language, yet each section of the United States has a dialect and tone of speaking peculiar to itself. While our system of government may be excellent, the same plan applied to our language is most unfortunate. If a man from New Jersey went to New England, and asked for a "blicky" it would be some time before he obtained a tin-pail, while an Eastern Massachusetts man would have equal difficulty in securing a fire-shovel in response to a request for a "slice." In Philadelphia overshoes are called "gums." Imagine the emotions of a Chicago man when invited into a Philadelphia house and asked to wipe his gums on the mat! These words peculiar to certain localities, and unintelligible in others, are obviously to be avoided, even if many of them were not vulgarisms in themselves. A few examples will show what we mean:

*Folks* for "family;" *to look from; right off; a smart chance;* "I should *admire* to see;" "I *want* to know!" an expression of surprise.

Those who are ambitious to speak pure, reputable English will avoid all such objectionable words and phrases. They will be prepared to converse with refined, educated people every-where in our broad land, and will not be limited by words which are peculiar to the locality in which they live. The spread of good literature will do much to unite our language, but living examples are more valuable in this as in all other causes.

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### Figurative Language.

It is not uncommon to hear some one say, "Language fails to express my idea," "The scene baffled description," etc. These expressions seem

to indicate that language is not able to present all our thoughts perfectly. Language has its limitations, and when we have exhausted all its resources we are still oftentimes unsatisfied. Figures of speech, as certain devices for extending the efficiency of language are called, are natural to all men, however illiterate. Culture is displayed not in the mere use of figures, but in the proper and wise use of them. When the old farmer says his colt ran "like a streak o' greased lightnin'," he uses figurative language, although it may not be artistic. Every day in ordinary conversation we hear of figures of speech employed. It is most important that we should learn to distinguish between what is in good taste and what is merely flashy or affected.

Young writers are especially liable to be carried away by the allurements of figurative language. School compositions and commencement essays are often marvels of flowery writing and elaborate figures. It is a safe principle in the use of figures never to employ them unless they can express the idea more perfectly than plain writing. To write a composition to fit an attractive figure is a sad case of getting the cart before the horse. Figures are means to an end. When writers make the presentation of a figure the end to be attained, they lose sight of all true purpose in their work. We shall for the next few weeks consider in succession the figures of speech, giving simple illustrations, and pointing out some of the errors to which the unpracticed writer is liable when he begins the use of figurative language.

### Ten Words Often Mispronounced.

| | |
|---|---|
| Allŏp'athy. | Glacier—glās'ĭ-er. |
| Almond—ā'mond. | Haunt—hānt. |
| Arab—ăr'ab. | Isolate—ĭs'olate. |
| Beneath'—*th* as in *then*. | Italian—ĭt-ăl'yan. |
| Geyser—gī'ser. | Rabies—rā'bi-ēs. |

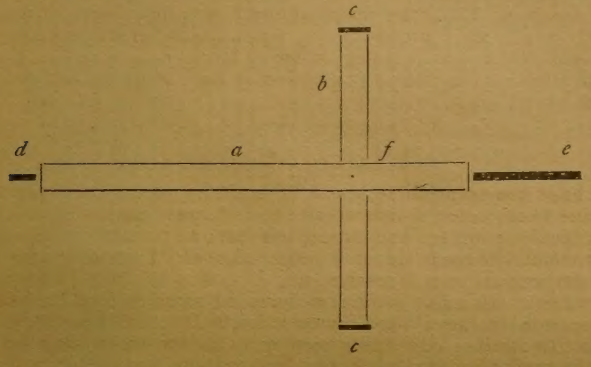
## RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

### Ice-Boating.

Closely allied to the excitement of coasting or tobogganing is that of ice-yachting. In one case gravity is the motive power; in the other, the wind. The finest ice-yachts are to be found on the Hudson River. Any one who has traveled from New York to Albany by the New York Central Railway on a windy winter day will remember the numerous ice-yachts skimming over the frozen river and in many cases leaving the train far behind in an impromptu race.

Many of our readers have no doubt read descriptions of ice-yachts, if they have not actually seen them, so we need do no more than briefly describe the plan of this swift craft in its simplest form.




Two stout pieces of timber 2x4 inches in thickness, and 12 and 16 feet long respectively, are firmly bolted together at right-angles in the center of the shorter piece, and four feet from one end of the longer timber. This cross forms the body of the yacht. At each end of the cross-piece a heavy steel skate is fastened (*c c*). At the end of the long timber (*d*) a third skate is adjusted with a bolt and a tiller above so that it may be turned in either direction. This stern skate is the rudder, and with it the boat may be guided easily. A light board platform attached to the center timber from *a* to *d* serves as a deck on which the crew and steersman lie. A bowsprit (*e*) about 6 feet long, fastened to the short arm of the center timber, completes the boat itself.

The rig of an ice-boat is usually a simple sloop-rig. A mast about 20 feet high is fixed in a well-braced iron socket at *f*, where the timbers cross. This mast is firmly stayed by ropes or wire cable running from the mast-head to the points *c c* and *e*. The sails are a mainsail, jib, and sometimes a top-sail. The yacht is sailed exactly like a sloop. Sometimes in sailing it is necessary to send a man out onto the windward cross-piece and let him hold on to the brace as best he can, in order that his weight may keep the boat from capsizing.

Ice-yachting is a very captivating sport, and on a smooth lake or river ice, with a good wind, an ice-yacht can attain a marvelous speed. If any of the terms we have used in describing this boat rig are not intelligible to our readers, we must postpone explanations until next summer, when we propose to give several articles on yachts and yachting.

### Fate.

The birthday books which have become so popular of late years furnish considerable amusement. Your friend asks you your birthday, and then opens the book at the proper place and reads you a couple of choice quotations which describe either a pickpocket or an angel, usually the former. This imaginary individual is supposed to be you.

The same general plan may be followed in diverting an evening company, and will cause at least a ripple of excitement. Let each one be given two slips of paper. On one the player writes his name, on the other a short quotation descriptive of character, or if he prefers something original in the same line. The names are collected in one hat and the descriptions in another. Some one is selected to read the "book of fate," and taking a slip from each hat, he reads first the name and then the description. There is always a chance for accidentally good hits and coincidences. A few minutes may be whiled away agreeably in playing this game of "fate."

### Shouting Proverbs.

A capital game for weary brains is Shouting Proverbs, as no effort is required save that of the lungs. Some one is sent from the room and some familiar proverb is selected by those within, for example, "Make hay while the sun shines." Beginning in one corner each player is given a word in order—the first "make," the second "hay," etc.

When the guesser is called back, he stands in the center of the room and counts three. Whereupon the company, each shouting his own word, give the proverb, and from this confusion of tongues the one in the center must discover order, and guess the proverb.

It is imperative that all shout at the same moment, for, otherwise, single words will soon give a clew to that which is sought.

There is a harmless little practical joke which may be played upon some member of the company under pretense of continuing this same game of "Shouting Proverbs." Instead of sending the guesser out of the room, let him remain while some one ostensibly selects a proverb, and goes about the circle whispering into the ear of each the word to be shouted. The trick consists in telling all but one to remain perfectly silent. This one exception is given some word which will sound most ridiculous when at the count one, two, three, he shouts it forth in stentorian tones, amid a general silence.

### Magic Music.

Does every body know about magic music? Every body ought to know about it, as it is a game in which every body, be he old or young, can join.

We will imagine that it is a family gathering, and that Uncle John is "it." He leaves the room, begging the kind friends not to give him any thing very hard to do, whereupon it is decided that he shall hand grandmother her glasses from the center-table. When he returns the guests begin to sing, but very softly, some well-known song, "Mary and her Lamb," "Excelsior," or "Swanee River." Uncle John walks rapidly around the room, and soon finds that when he is in the corners, the music is very faint; when he reaches the table it becomes louder, and as he picks up the glasses it swells into a grand chorus. The sound becomes faint again, however, when he tries to fit the "specs" on the baby's small nose, and ceases entirely when he approaches the cat for the same purpose. But at last it swells forth again when he triumphantly presents the owner with her property.

It is surprising what results can be obtained through the influence of magic music. Try it and see, being careful to make the changes in tone marked enough to aid fairly the happy victim.

### Gossip.

This game is like many of the historical novels, "founded upon fact." The sad fact is that a simple story about the affairs of some person will pass from mouth to mouth in a community gathering all the while such items of interest and fiction that its own father doesn't know it, and listens perhaps to a repetition of his own tale as an exciting bit of news.

The game of Gossip is adopted for a company of a dozen or more young people. One person assumes the responsibility of starting the story, and whispers in the ear of his neighbor a sentence or two upon any subject under the sun. The listener, without waiting to have the story repeated, passes it on to his next neighbor, whispering hurriedly and explaining nothing.

If the story as he hears it does not "make sense," he draws on his imagination to fill the gaps, and whispers the repaired narrative in good faith to his neighbor. So it goes on around the circle. The last one to hear the story then tells the company "out loud" what the story is as he understands it. Then each in turn in the reverse order announces his version of the story.

There is seldom any connection between the original form of the narrative and its condition after it has been repeated a dozen times, and some of the transformations are very laughable.

# THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

## The Emperor of Central Asia.

IT is reported that the decree has gone forth from St. Petersburg to make ready for the coronation of the Czar Alexander as Emperor of Central Asia. This event will take place in early spring at Samarcand in Russian Turkestan, the ancient capital of the Tartar power which in the Middle Ages threatened to overwhelm with its countless hordes even the monarchies of western Europe.

Those who look upon every Russian movement as a menace to England's possessions in Asia see in this new project an offset to Disraeli's famous measure by which the English queen received the title of Empress of India. Victoria was proclaimed empress in her new empire on the first of January, 1877, with a display of military power calculated to convince her simple Asiatic subjects that England had no rival in Europe.

It is not likely that the ceremonies connected with the coming coronation will yield in splendor to those of 1877. The Russian character has enough of that barbaric fondness for "pomp and circumstance" to make these festivities of such dazzling magnificence as to decide forever for the tribes of Central Asia the question of Russian superiority.

The vastness of the czar's dominions is so great that it is difficult even to imagine their extent. The following extract from Geddes's "Russian Empire" presents (notwithstanding its abundance of difficult names) a remarkable view of Russia:

It cannot be said that we know Russia and its people thoroughly, or even well. It is so colossal and so complicated a phenomenon that is presented to us that it is not easy to fix an adequate picture of it in the mind. From the Danube to Behring Strait, from Archangel to Samarcand, what a "multitude of all peoples and tongues and nations that no man can number" are comprised within the bounds of the Russian Empire!

Within are found representatives of all the northern and eastern and of many of the southern and western races of the Old World. Every phase of civilization, from the highest to the most primitive, and nearly every variety of religion—Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, Buddhist, and pagan—are represented. Dr. Latham, as the result of his ethnological studies, which he admits to be imperfect, has reckoned up no fewer than forty-seven "non-Russian" races dwelling within the bounds of Russia proper. In Asia, and in the Polish, Circassian, and other alien European provinces, there are at least as many more. And in customs, costumes, and languages there is almost as much variety as in race and religion.

The empire of the White Czar is the bond of union between two great continents, which are otherwise sharply opposed to each other in every physical and mental feature. It leans on one side against the great wall of China, and neighbors on the other side with Germany; and it shades away so insensibly from Western progress and culture to Oriental immobility that it is impossible to put down the finger anywhere and say, "Here Asia begins."

Not less striking is the diversity of scenery comprehended within the Russian Empire. Busy seaports on the Baltic and Euxine, with quays lined with steamers and crowded with merchandise, and trackless Mongolian wastes where the solitary traveler may ride for many days without encountering a human habitation; garish new cities, where streets and boulevards and the costumes of the people smack of the latest Parisian taste, and decaying seats of Tartar and Uzbek power, whose magnificence is crumbling into dust; waving cornfields stretching for hundreds of square leagues over the "black lands" of the Dnieper and Boug, and dreary tracts by the Arctic Sea, where it is impossible to tell where the frozen plain ends and the ice-field begins; white winter landscapes where the ringing sledge speeds along under the keen stars and the snow-covered branches of the pines, and the soft steady tramp of the wolves is heard in the distance. And Khivan deserts, where the blazing sun shines down on the fainting camel drivers as they toil through the hot sands; squat Laplanders and Samoyedes driving their reindeer to pasture; Kamschadales putting out to sea in their frail kajaks in chase of the walrus and the seal; hardy lumbermen descending northern rivers in their huge rafts of birch and fir trees; Yakut fur-trappers following the tracks of silver fox and marten across the snow; sturgeon-fishers landing their mighty prize on the shores of the Volga and the Don; Turcomans and Kipchaks riding forth on marauding and kidnapping expeditions; Kalmuk and Kirghiz shepherds watching their flocks on the steppe with their guns conveniently at hand; Caucasian mountaineers leaping from crag to crag in chase of ibex and chamois; uncouth Mantchurian merchants bringing their bales of silk and brick-tea to the Russian markets; Cossack colonists on disturbed and distant frontiers, where the settler has to till the ground with arms in his hand; dark and mysterious scenes of suffering endured by exiles in the Siberian mines; peaceful log-built villages in central Russia, where the vastest social and political revolutions produce scarcely a ripple on the even current of pleasant life; court splendors and great military displays; the interior of Christian churches, Mohammedan mosques, and Buddhist temples; mighty rivers, interminable marshes, and great salt and fresh water lakes; deserts of salt, and shingle, and sand, and snow; vast forests, boundless grassy plains, and lonely Alpine peaks—these and a hundred other pictures equally startling in their contrast rise before the mind when the name of Russia is mentioned.

## The German Colonies.

UNTIL two years ago Germany had no foreign possessions. England owned Canada in America, besides the Indian Empire and the Australian continent. Russia grew by absorbing the states of Central Asia. France conquered Algeria, took Tunis under her protection, and then sought glory and gain in Tonquin. Spain, Portugal, and Holland relied largely upon colonial trade and colonial revenues. The Germans multiplied until their country was too small for them. Then they emigrated. Three millions of them came to the United States, taking with them perhaps $150,000,000 in money and other property. The German colonial policy was devised by Prince Bismarck to save the overflowing numbers and wealth of Germany and utilize them for the good of the empire.

German merchants had hitherto been more bold than German monarchs. Trading stations on many a distant coast bore witness to courage and enterprise of the traders of Hamburg and Bremen. But the home government paid no attention to these trading posts. If business prospered and the station seemed to be worth having some English man-of-war would appear before the little German factory and quietly annex the region to the British crown.

This state of things ceased in 1884. In that year the German traders on the west coast of Africa were patiently awaiting a similar fate, when Bismarck warned England to keep away, and promised to protect the little settlements with the whole strength of the empire. England had to stand back, while all Germany laughed at her discomfiture, and sang songs and drew pictures and wrote books about it. The colonies became suddenly popular. Associations were formed for farther exploration and settlement now that the protection of the government was assured. The new settlements were connected with the home country by a line of steamers, most of the expense of which was borne by the imperial treasury. The government and the trading associations have made much progress, and the name of Germany now appears in many an unfamiliar spot on the map of the Old World.

The newly acquired territories on the west coast of Africa are as follows: Debrecka, between Sierra Leone and Senegambia; Bageida, on the Dahomey coast of the Gulf of Guinea; the district on the Bay of Biafra between the Cameroon Mountains and the French settlements at Gaboon; and the coast and interior from Cape Frio to the Orange River. Vitu, with several thousand miles of territory acquired from the Sultan of Zanzibar, complete the list of German-African possessions.

The German flag has also been raised over the north-eastern coast of Papua (New Guinea), and upon several of the neighboring island groups. The Papuan district has been named after the emperor, Kaiser-Wilhelm-Land, and the chancellor has received a similar honor in the Bismarck Archipelago. In the south-western Pacific the German claim to the Caroline group was denied by Spain, but the Marshall and Gilbert Islands were annexed to Germany in November, and a late dispatch from London announces that still another cluster of volcanic rocks—the Samoan Islands—have come under German influence. These islands have been under the joint protection of England, Germany, and the United States, and the accuracy of the report of German seizure is questioned.

The colonial projects have served their purpose in diminishing emigration, in furnishing coaling stations for the navy, and in binding the German states together by fostering the imperial spirit.

## Egypt.

(Area, 394,240 sq. miles; population, 6,806,381; ruler, Khedive, Mohammed Tewfik.)

EGYPT is the Nile land. The river flows through a rainless desert of rocks and sand in a valley which varies from one to seven miles in width. Nine tenths of the people dwell in this narrow region and in the delta, as the northern expansion of the valley is called. From June to December the Nile overflows its banks, and the subsiding waters leave a fertile soil which produces large crops of cotton, beans, wheat, and sugar-cane. Steamers, railroads, telegraphs, and post-offices give a modern tinge to this old land of pyramids and mummies.

Three thousand years before Christ a civilized nation dwelt in the Nile valley. They built great pyramids for tombs, and hewed out rock temples for their strange gods, invented picture-writing, and made paper of the papyrus which grew by the river. They embalmed their dead and left them for us to find ages after.

Later they grew more warlike, and extended their power up the river, and in Syria. Ramses II., the Pharaoh of the Israelitish oppression, was the conquering hero of this period (1500–1300 B. C.), and Egypt was the foremost nation in the world. Decline and defeat followed. After Cambyses, the Persian conqueror (525 B. C.), came Alexander the Great (333 B. C.), establishing Greek influence in the cities of the delta. Under Alexander's successors, the Ptolemies, Alexandria became the center of the culture and commerce of the world. But the power of the state decayed until 30 B. C., when Egypt became a Roman province, and remained a part of the empire until the seventh century. Omar, the Arabian, subdued the Egyptians (640 A. D.) and forced upon them the new religion of Mohammed his master. The Arabian rulers became Turkish

subjects in 1517, and since that time Egypt has been a tributary state except during the three years of Napoleon's occupation (1798–1801). The viceroy, Mohammed Ali, would have liberated his country in 1832 and 1839, but the European Powers interfered. Under Ismail (Khedive, 1863–79) the Suez Canal was constructed, and a system of internal improvements was executed which plunged the nation in bankruptcy. As French and English citizens were the principal creditors, those governments appointed commissioners (1876) to take charge of the Egyptian revenue. France and England had the Khedive deposed because he objected to the foreign control. Tewfik, his son, kept the foreigners in office, much to the disgust of the Nationalists, who rebelled under Arabi Bey. England crushed the revolt (1882) and gained the consent of the Turkish government (1885) to an occupation of the country until certain reforms can be carried out by English and Turkish commissioners.

Books about Egypt are almost numberless. "Uarda," "An Egyptian Princess," and "The Sisters," by Georg Ebers, and "Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley, are stories of the deepest interest, which convey vivid and accurate pictures of ancient Egypt.

"Boat Life in Egypt," by W. C. Prime, is an interesting description of country and people.

"Egypt Under its Khedives," by Edmund de Leon, gives valuable information concerning the present condition of the country.

### The New Parliament.

THE new British Parliament, the twenty-third since the union of the three kingdoms in 1800, met at Westminster January 12 to organize and make ready for the formal opening of the session January 21 by the speech from the throne. This has been called the first "People's Parliament" because the new House of Commons is the first elected under the law of 1884 which extended the right of voting to nearly 3,000,000 men of the middle and lower classes.

The lower House is composed of 332 Liberals, 251 Conservatives, and 86 Irish Nationalists or Parnellites. Sir Arthur Wellesley Peel, son of that Sir Robert Peel who abolished the Corn Laws in 1846, was re-elected Speaker, without opposition. The members then came forward and took the oath of office.

Among those who were sworn in on Tuesday was Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, whose parliamentary career affords a notable example of persistence. Mr. Bradlaugh was elected to the Parliament of 1880, but refused to take the oath because he did not believe in the Bible. Jews and Quakers are allowed to "affirm," and Mr. Bradlaugh, though neither Jew nor Quaker, was permitted to take his seat after solemnly affirming his loyalty. The courts declared this action illegal, and a new election was ordered in the district. Mr. Bradlaugh was again chosen, and offered to take the oath. The Commons objected, and the troublesome member was carried from the building by force. Early in the session of 1882 Mr. Bradlaugh appeared in Parliament and, advancing to the table, repeated the oath, closing the ceremony by kissing a copy of the New Testament, which he took from his pocket. He was promptly expelled, but his friends remained faithful and he was re-elected, but the House refused to admit him. He met with no better success in 1883. The next year he repeated the farce of swearing himself in, and after the customary expulsion the people of Northampton re-elected him as usual to the seat, from which he was again excluded. He stood again successfully in the recent campaign, and has at last taken the seat for which he has fought with so much perseverance. It is reported that the Conservatives will make an effort to re-open the case after the organization of the House has been completed. But it is probable that the more important question of Irish government will take the place of the unseemly wrangles of the last six years upon the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh.

### A Brief Survey.

FROM the 8th to the 13th of January a snow-storm accompanied by high wind and followed by intense cold traversed the United States from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. Trains were every-where delayed, and many vessels and lives were lost along the coast. The steamer *Hylton Castle* sank off Long Island January 11. The men embarked in two boats and were rescued after suffering terribly from the cold. In Florida $1,000,000 worth of oranges were destroyed by the frost.——Congress has made little progress. The Senate passed Edmunds's anti-Mormon bill and discussed the silver question. The House received another batch of new measures, and passed the bill for regulating the presidential succession.——The peasants of the islands near the west coast of Ireland are exposed to famine by the failure of the fisheries and by the poor quality of the potato crop. ——The report of the French treaty with Madagascar, which was described in No. 5 of OUR YOUTH, is now denied. The whole story was made up by the French ministry to influence the elections. France is still trying to make terms with the islanders.——Prince Alexander of Bulgaria has come to an agreement with Turkey. He will assist the Porte in case of a Greek outbreak and will pay a yearly tribute to the Sultan, who recognizes him as the Governor of Roumelia. Greece refuses to dismiss her troops as long as Bulgaria is allowed to retain Roumelia. Bismarck has warned the Greeks that they will receive no aid from the Powers in a war against Turkey.——The workmen in several New York cigar manufactories having struck for an increase of wages, the manufacturers decided, January 15, to bring them to terms by closing all the factories January 20, throwing nearly 8,000 men and women out of employment.——The tunnel which supplies the City of Cleveland with water was closed by ice January 14, causing a water famine.——The Pope will not appoint an American cardinal to succeed Cardinal M'Closkey.——A French company has been formed to compete with the German and English firms for the job of constructing the proposed Chinese railways.——The Senate opposes the confirmation of some of President Cleveland's appointments.

### Pronunciation.

Af-ghan'is-tan.
Al-ex-an'drĭ-a.
A'li (ä'lee).
Al-gē'rĭ-a (-jē'-).
Ar'ab.
Arch-ān'gel (ark-ān'jel).
Bal'tic (Bŏl'-).
Beh'ring (Bā'-).
Bey (Bā').
Boug (Boog).
Ba-geī'da.
Brad'laugh (-law).
Brem'en.
Bud'dhist (Bood'ist).
Czar (Tsar).
Caī'rō (Kī'-).
Cam-by'sēs.
Cau'cā'sian.
Cir-cās'sian (Sir-).
Da-hō'mey (-mā).
De-breck'a.
Dnie'per (Nee'-).
Eūx'ine.
Fri'o (Free'o).
Ga-boon'.
Guin'ea (Gin'ē).
Is-ma-il' (-eel').
Kaī'ser (-zer).
Kal'muk.
Kam'scha-dāle (-tcha-)
Khe'dive.
Khī'va (Kee'-).
Kir-ghiz' (Keer-geez').
Mon-gō'li-an.
Mō-hăm'mĕd-an.
Mant-choo'ri-an.
O'mar.
Pap'u-a.
Pa-sha' (-shaw')
Pha'ra-ōh.
Pō'lish.
Pōrt'u-gal.
Ptŏl'e-my (Tŏl'-).
Rūs'sia.
Ram'sēs.
Sam-ar-cand'.
Sā-mō'an.
Sa-mō'yĕdes.
Sen-e-gām'bĭ-a.
Sĭ-er'ra Le-ō'ne.
Su'ez (Soo'-).
Tew'fik.
Ton-quin' (-keen').
Tu'nis.
Uz-bek'.
Vol'ga.
Yā-kūt'.
Zān-zĭ-bar'.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—Quite a joke happened to one of the doctor craft, some time ago. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father, not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the cat's throat. When the doctor called again and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied,

"No, we did not give it to him."

"Good heaven!" said the doctor; "isn't the child dead?"

"No; but the cat is—we gave it to her."—*Ex.*

—The poet Longfellow, at a party, asked a French gentleman who happened to be present, why he seemed so sad and unhappy at that moment. To which the latter replied, "Me very mosh dissatisfy! Me jus' hear zat my fadere be dead."

—School Examiner (who notices a backwardness in history)—"Who signed Magna Charta?" (No answer.)

Examiner (more urgently)—"Who signed Magna Charta?" (No answer.)

Examiner (angrily)—"Who signed Magna Charta?!!"

Scapegrace (thinking matters are beginning to look serious)—"Please, sir, 'twasn't me, sir!"—*Ex.*

—A Nevada paper speaks of an urchin that had been playing with a mule's tail as "a spoiled child."

—Mamma (with much show of indignation)—"I have called you three times. I am very much annoyed."

Charlie (who is fond of Bible stories)—"Well, the Lord called Samuel three times, and he didn't get mad about it, did he?"—*Life.*

—An agricultural paper talks about "a shingle curling up under the sun." We have known a son to curl up under the shingle.

—A small boy had just climbed into an apple-tree when a farmer's dog came along and made him a prisoner by standing under the tree and making frightful demonstrations when the marauder tried to get down. At last a farmer came along and said:

"What be you doin' up that tree?"

"O nuthin'. Jest keeping the dog from eatin' the apples," was the reply.

—"Papa, have guns got legs?"

"No."

"How do they kick, then?"

"With their breeches, my son."—*Ex.*

—An exchange says that if clothes are brushed up, that is, the wrong way, they will not get shiny. We have tried this rule on a silk hat, and can testify that it works like a charm.—*Ex.*

—"See, mamma!" exclaimed a little girl as she looked out of the window during a snow-storm. "See the popped rain coming down!"—*Ex.*

—Canon Farrar came to this country for a rest and took away $25,000. He will take the rest on his next visit.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Pa, I'm not going to learn any more geography lessons."

"Why? Have you been excused from geography lessons?"

"No, but—"

"I presume your teacher has got tired of such a stupid pupil."

"Teacher nothin'. I'm the feller that's got tired. I read in a paper that the geography of over half the globe would be changed by future explorations, and I'm going to wait. I want to get it straight before I put in so much hard work."—*The Judge.*

—An old Scotchman, when taking his bairns to be baptized, usually spoke of them as laddies or lassies, as the case might be. At last his wife said he must not say it was a laddie or lassie, but an infant. So the next time that Sandy had occasion to go to the clergyman, the latter said:

"Weel, Sandy, is it a laddie?"

"It's nae a laddie," was the answer.

"Then it's a lassie."

"It's nae a lassie," said Sandy.

"Weel, mon, what is it then?" said the astonished preacher.

"I dinna remember vera weel," said the parent, "but I think the wife said it was an ellifant."

The clergyman finally found out that it was an infant he was expected to baptize.—*Ex.*

—The story is told of a negro preacher who, having pronounced the marriage service, always asked the wedding guests to join in singing "Plunged in the gulf of dark despair."

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